

Reality, Dreams and Nightmares

by Barefooted Dragon

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Summary: Hiccup Haddock is probably one of Jack Frost's most favourite believers. Whether it's fate or not, would they be willing to take sacrifices? Read and find out HiccupXJackFrost. Rated T because I'm paranoid.

1. Chapter 1

****I was just RPing and BAM: this was created.****

****Please don't kill me *cowers* I'm working on the chapter for No I'm Not and I really want to please you guys so *thumbs up*****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing but accounts and a crappy phone. ****

*** * ***

><p>Burgess. A small but bustling town. Founded by James Burgess in 1890 and a town of legend... Oh, and also home to a Winter Spirit and Guardian called Jack Frost.<p>

This white haired immortal was casually strolling around Burgess minding his own business, and by his own business he meant daydreaming about a freckled teen: Hamish "Hiccup" Haddock. His close friend since... Well, since most of the kids could see him. Also his one of his oldest believers. Hiccup was the age when Jack died, but that's not the point. Most children stop believing when they realise that sex existed and BOOM: they stop believing and look for a mate at an early age.

Jack became giddy when he saw a familiar face come into view. He light-footedly walked on a wall and with his staff balancing on his shoulders he said, "Long time no see huh, Hic?"

Hiccup stopped at the foot of the wall and looked up, and crooked grin visible. He cocked an eyebrow and rested his hands on his hips.

"I've only been to school Jack. Did you miss me too much?" He teased, rolling his eyebrows and hoisting himself up the wall next to Jack.

"Of course I did!" He rolled his eyes, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "It's no fun when you're not around!"

Hiccup chuckled at his childish behaviour. Despite the fact that Jack could be a living corpse (you know, being cold, freakishly white and was way over 300 years old), he was still a kid. "You should get a life, Jack-" He recieved a glare from the winter spirit, before continuing, "You don't have to see me everyday..." The glare vanished to be replaced by a silence. The nice type. "Why do you do it?"

"Hmm? What?"

"See me everyday?"

The question was so innocent, yet Jack felt an unknown and uncomfortable heat creep up to his cheeks. "Uh- I, um. Uh, like tooo, um, see you? Everyday? And check on school?"

Jack thanked the Man in Moon for Hiccup not realising his change in charcter... Or, so he thought. "Oh yeah! Jack, I need to show you something... Important." Hiccup attempted to get off the wall, but it didn't go unnoticed. Jack immediantly held out his hands, to which Hiccup shivered un-voluntarily, and helped Hiccup off the wall. "Thanks, Jack. You know, helping with this." He gestured to the prosthetic on his left leg.

Jack gave a re-assuring smile. "I'll always be here." They walked (or more like Jack flew) to Hiccup's "house", or as Jack liked to call it, mansion.

The freckled teen walked through the already open door and went to the living room, Jack floating just a few metres behind. "You stay here-" said Hiccup, making his way to the staircase, "Don't touch anything... Stay... JACK! What the fuck, I told you to NOT TOUCH ANYTHING."

Jack snickered at Hiccup's red face and put down the glass vase he purposly picked up. After recieving a final warning glare from Hiccup, he sunk into the green leather couch, sighing in content as the cold leather greeted him like an old friend. He threw an arm above his head and scanned his surroundings for anything that might interest him. His eyes landed on a ornament that was situated on the mantlepeice. It was a small, clay black dragon. His wondering blue eyes realised that half the tail was red, and the other was black. Hiccup's handy work, he thought.

"That's Toothless."

He saw Hiccup standing at the doorway with a sad smile. "Come again?" Jack was too distracted by the sad expression in his voice.

"That's Toothless. Dad said Mum gave it to me when I was still a baby, before she-" He shook his head and sat down on the couch. "Here, this is what I wanted to show you~" Hiccup cooed, to which Jack wanted to see what was going on. He sat down, before recieving a

smack on the head from a book Hiccup was holding.

"What the fuck Hiccup?" He defended himself with his arms, but to no avail, the hits kept on coming. "Ouch, Hic, that's starting to hurt..."

Hiccup froze and stopped, book mid-air. "I'm so sorry Jack. I just, um, got a bit carried away! Oh my Gods, did I leave a mark?!"

Jack smirked, "Can I have one?"

Hiccup's cheeks filled with colour, completely obscuring his freckles from Jack's view.

Jack laughed and recieved a weak slap on the arm from Hiccup, who looked like he was trying hard not to laugh himself. "Whatever~" Hiccup dismissed. He opened the book and slipped out a printed article from a website and placed the book on the coffee table. Jack was wary of the hardback, completely aware of the powers that it possessed.

"What was that all about?"

"What was what all about?"

"ABUSING ME WITH THE BOOK, YOU DORK."

"This." Hiccup handed over the article, to which Jack read carefully and was shocked at the content.

"_Jack Frost. Is he cooler, or hotter than he seems? Jack Frost, The Guardian of Fun, has been said to have a big impact on teenage girls._" He read, shocked that he had teenage girls that still believed in him. "He is also the love interest of these lustful females." Jack gulped, but carried on reading. "We interviewed some girls on their opinions." Jack's eyes wavered nervously to Hiccup's, who had an amused smile on his face. "When I realised that Jack really did exist, I wanted him to make me melt." Another girl said, "Jack is my boyfriend, so girls better stay away." Hiccup burst out laughing at Jack's disgusted expression. But what really made Hiccup laugh, was the next thing that Jack read. "On a Confession website, one girl quotes: "I masturbate to Jack. Like, I once used a milk ice lolly to imagine him in me. It was very orgasmic. Then there's this other time I used a pipette, filled it up with freezing cold water and squirted it in me."

Jack was horrified. His face said it all, as he crumpled up paper, froze it, and threw it onto the floor, making the ice paper break into a million pieces. He glared at Hiccup who was clutching his sides with laughter. "Oh my GODS Jack! Your face!"

Jack pouted and slumped into the couch, wanting to forget the shit that he just read. It can't be true... Can it? But he was good looking, so it was understandable. "Hiccup, this is funny. But seriously... A FUCKING ICE LOLLY?!"

* * *

><p>Hope you liked it!

See ya in Chapter 2~

~BD

2. Chapter 2

**I feel so guilty. Such a long wait and yet the chapter is so short.
**

**But! It gets better trust me, this chapter just sorts things out...
I think. I just have no motivation /-**

Enjoy~

* * *

><p>With heavy breathing and tears in their eyes, they both managed to stop laughing. The issue of the Ice Pop was still lingering in the air, as they died down to uneven chuckles. "So Jack, you hungry? Dad won't be home for another 5 hours, so I guess we'll be home alone... That is if you don't fly off, again." Hiccup chuckled, plucking himself of the sofa and hobblung to the kitchen. Stoick "The Vast" Haddock was the mayor of the town and owned major companies in Burgess and back home in Berk. So, owning a huge house with 4 floors wasn't a surprise. Hiccup shut a drawer with his hip and watched a Jack perch himself on the kitchen counter, eyeing the hot chocolate and waffles that Hiccup was making.<p>

Jack knew not to break Hiccup's concentration or when he was deep in thought so he just kept his mouth shut. Easier said than done, but the idea of disappointing Hiccup was more than enough to keep his voice box off for the moment. He glanced at Hiccup, and by the looks of it, it wasn't a very good thought. His eyes looked tired and his eyebrows were knitted together. Poor guy...

"I'm such a disappointment." Hiccup thought, stirring the hot chocolate a little bit too fiercely. "Why can't he see that I'm trying to please him, but I just can't. He always has the annoyed look, like someone skipped the meat in his sandwich. It was tradition to name the runt a hiccup; his own Dad agreed with the nickname, for Thor's sake! No wonder he hates me..." He scooped up the waffles and put them on the plate, handing them silently to Jack. He winced slightly as he felt his fingers brush Jack's cold ones.

"You know, Hadley, I'm here if you just want to spill..." Jack whispered, eating the waffle with great care.

Hiccup gave a grateful smile and brought the hot chocolate up to his lips, "Thanks Jack..." He took a sip and lowered the cup, looking at the chocolately depths mixed with marshmallows that melted mercilessly. "Why does he hate me so much?"

Jack put down the fork and pushed the plate away, suddenly not hungry. "He doesn't hate you... He's just lonely that's all."

"He said it was my fault that Mum... you know, is gone..." He mumbled, setting the mug on the table and looking down at his hands. He saw a pale white hand rub his palm supportively, he looked up and saw Jack have a sad smile.

"It's not your fault Hiccup. It's nobody's fault. It's just a painful reality that we have to live in..." He continued to stroke Hiccup's tanned hand until an idea popped in his mind. "Tell you, we're gonna have a little fun."

Hiccup raised a quizzical eyebrow, "Are we?"

"Yes. So shut up and get some ice cream."

Hiccup reluctantly stood up from his position and opened the freezer door, scanning its contents. He found ice pops, and avoided the worried glances from Jack as he began bit back his laughter. He pulled up a tub of mint ice cream, his personal favourite, grabbed two spoons and handed Jack the tub.

Jack plucked off the lid and examined the slightly green ice cream. He grimaced and took a spoonful of it, "Why do you like this flavour so much?"

"If you're not going to eat it then don't ea-" He felt a sudden coldness in his cheek. He felt it slide down, making his sweater go cold and damp. Mint Ice Cream. "You're so taking that back."

"Nope!" Jack laughed and flicked another spoonful at Hiccup, this time now landing in his hair. Jack laughed, biting his lip with a cheeky green. He saw a cocky smile work its way on Hiccup's lips, as he saw him take a very big spoonful and walk slowly towards Jack. He stood there, a sparkle in his eyes and the cream melting on the spoon. Jack's smile turned into a gasp. Wiping the ice cream from his eyes, grabbed his staff and flicked it on the floor to create snowballs that rolled on the floor. "This means war!"

After about half an hour of cold cream being shoved down each other's back, the door opened. "Hiccup, I forgot my walle- What is THIS?!"

Hiccup froze in mid-air, and Jack stood still. The silence was deadly.

Stoick walked in, stepping over the long forgotten waffle and spilt hot chocolate and stood before Hiccup. The boy seemed to tremble in a way, he winced as he saw his father raise a hand. One blow knocked him off balance, making him fall to the floor. Jack screamed and dropped his staff, and ran over to Hiccup.

His hands went right through Hiccup's body.

Wait, what?!

No. Nonononononono. NO.

Jack's screams of agony couldn't be heard, as he saw HIS Hiccup being beaten by his own father. He tried to grab onto Hiccup's hand, only to get the same reaction again. His heart broke as he saw the tears stream down Hiccup's freckled cheeks, withering under the blows. His heart felt like a fist was squeezing the life out of him.

When Stoick was done, he grunted and reached for his wallet on the kitchen counter and slammed the door behind him, leaving a crying

guardian and son.

* * *

><p>The voilence may be inaccurate, but hey. It's called being fiction for a reason... I feel so bad now...;-;

**Reviews = Motivation **

Labyu All ^-^

3. Chapter 3

Apologies for being gone so long. Just been too busy, and I didn't have that much motivation...(actually I did because of all your reviews and all of them make me smile everytime. I just had no **_insipiration_****).**

With my other story (No I'm Not) I also had no inspiration. I'm looking, don't worry.

Anyhoozes, enjoy!

[I do not anything]

* * *

><p>Hiccup lay motionless on the ground for a few minutes, Jack whimpering a couple of metres away. Stoick was long gone and the ice all around them seemed to be melting... Apart from the area that Jack was in. His area was below freezing.<p>

Jack decided he had enough of being sad, this wasn't a nightmare. This was reality, and he chose to do something about it. He shook as he stood up and crawled in his hands and knees towards Hiccup. He reached out with a hesitant hand towards the unconscience teen... But this time, his hand didn't go through.

He sighed in relief and he clutched Hiccup and wrapped his arms around him, whispering everything was going to be alright in his auburn hair. Jack gently rocked Hiccup in his arms, his thumb rubbing the rough fabric of his sweater, as he felt a single cold tear roll down his cheek.

Jack started to feel Hiccup stir from his unconscience state, wiping away the tear. Hiccup opened his eyes groggily and looked up at Jack. His bottom lip quivered and his eyes started to water. When he did start to cry, Jack soothed him with comforting words. "J-Jack..." He cried, "I don't know w-what I do wrong..." His buried his face into Jack's hoodie, knowing that his wet tears would freeze later on.

Hiccup continued to cry and Jack patted his hair, "You didn't do anything wrong."

"He h-hates me!" Hiccup cried into Jack's hoodie harder and, ironically, started to hiccup.

"Shh. Hiccup, don't worry. It's over now. Don't cry... We'll talk about this later okay? But for now, we really need to clean you up. Your hair is still sticky with the ice cream from earlier." Jack suggested with a small smile, as he started to rub Hiccup's back, humming a song he heard from a car's radio.

Hiccup nodded in response and his cries subsided into whimpers, which eventually turned into deep breaths. A million thoughts were racking his mind all at once, for example one thought was him thinking that whatever he did, he could never please his father. Whatever he tried, he would always end up disappointing him. On the bright side, he had Jack. Hiccup smiled, despite the sad thoughts, and looked up at Jack. "You did know that that song is from a really cheesy romance?"

Jack laughed, "Really?"

"Yeah."

They smiled at each other before they realised how close their faces were.

"Uh..." Hiccup scrambled away from Jack and felt his face fill with heat. He scratched his cheek, attempting to hide the blush from Jack, hoping it went unnoticed. His whole body still hurt, but he didn't pay that much attention to it.

Jack smiled seeing Hiccup's awkwardness. "Hic, it's getting late. You should take the shower and sleep."

"What? Oh yeah. Sleep." Hiccup faked a yawn, stretching his arms wide in exaggeration. "I'll be going, um, upstairs. Yeah... A-and taking that shower..."

Hiccup hurriedly went up the stairs, occasionally tripping on his prosthetic. He closed the door behind him and ran his hands down his face.

"What's the rush?"

Hiccup yelped seeing Jack sit on his desk. "How do you do that?"

Jack smirked and examined his nails, "I dunno man, I was born with this skill."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and crossed his room to kick his underwear under his bed. He bent over to pick up some too-big-for-him shorts and an equally huge shirt and turned to Jack. "You stay there. Don't break anything."

Jack raised his hands in an 'I'm not promising anything' gesture and watched as Hiccup retreated into his bathroom.

The Winter Spirit decided to look around Hiccup's room, and he hopped off his desk, causing something fall to the floor with a loud thud. He bent down and picked up what seemed to be a sketch book. "Huh? Hiccup didn't tell me he drew..." He mumbled, looking at the closed bathroom door. He heard the shower turn on and Jack settled himself onto Hiccup's bed, the sketch book held firmly in his cold hands.

The winter sprite opened the book and ran his hand over the writing. _'Property of Hiccup Hamish Haddock III.'_

Jack smiled, seeing that he started the sketch book 2 years ago, and proceeded to look at the rest of the books.

He was amazed at the skill and talent that Hiccup had. He noticed that Hiccup would vary using different art materials: water colour, charcoal, soft pastel, pencil, pen, etc etc.

There were several drawings of people sitting on park benches, but most of them were dragons. There were 2 dragons in particular that caught Jack's eye. One of them was a sleek, black dragon, with eyes as green as the forest. At the bottom of the page, scribbled in Hiccup's cursive handwriting, was the name _'Night Fury'. _

Jack puffed up his cheeks and went to the 2nd drawing that caught his liked. His blue eyes scanned the page, wondering how Hiccup managed to fit so much detail into a simple sketch. It was another dragon, and it took up most of the page. It had long tusks and was surrounded by, what looked like, icebergs. It looked like the dragon breathed fire, and Jack's suspicion was right, when at the bottom page Hiccup wrote _'The Bewilderbeast. The Alpha species of Dragons. But this dragon doesn't breathe fire, he breathes ice.'_

All Jack could concentrate on was Hiccup's art. So, it wasn't a suprise that Jack didn't hear the shower turn off and shuffling.

The bathroom door opened and Hiccup emerged with a towel hanging off his shoulders. He watched as Jack continued to flick through his sketch book, but he didn't retaliate. Hiccup was too busy leaning into the door frame, looking at Jack with a small smile on his face.

Hiccup walked to the bed and sat next to Jack quietly. "I'm guessing you like those drawings?"

Jack was taken out of his trance and looked at Hiccup sideways. "You never told me you drew." He mumbled, recovering from his state of awe.

Hiccup chuckled and crossed his arms over his stomach, "You never really asked, so I decided not to tell."

Jack nodded, understanding Hiccup. He looked back at drawings and smiled sadly, how much more was Hiccup hiding? He just got beaten by his own dad for gods sake. Which reminded him... "Hiccup, we need to talk about what happened earlier." Jack said sternly, setting the sketchbook aside, and sat crossed-legged, his back against Hiccup's headboard.

Hiccup nodded hesitantly, not knowing where to begin. He crawled and sat next to Jack, his back to the headboard, and pulled his legs up to his chest. He rested his head on his knees and mumbled, "What do you want to know?"

Jack turned to look at Hiccup, his blue eyes locking with emerald green. "Everything."

Hiccup opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came out. He closed his mouth again, and opened. He looked like a fish for a couple of seconds, when a noise came out of his mouth.

It sounded like a whimper.

Hiccup sighed, and ran his hands through his hair in a frustrated and depressed mess. "It's just that," he began, taking a deep breath, "I don't exactly know why, but I try to know. It's like he hates me and every single thing that I do. I don't understand anything that happens to me. But everything happens for a reason, right? I'm trying to find my reason, but I just can't put a finger on why all this," he flailed his arms around, "-has happened. He hates the fact that I'm... You know..." Hiccup bit his lip out of nervous habit and looked at a confused Jack. "Gay." He clarified, casting his eyes down to the duvet.

Jack nodded slowly, taking everything in. "Why are you so nervous? I have nothing against it. In fact, I have nothing against you at all. I like you just the way you are, don't change," He smiled and held Hiccup's chin to turn his head, but Hiccup didn't move, so he carried on, "-and I'm glad you told me. And it makes me feel honoured that you're my best friend."

Hiccup gave into Jack's cold hands and looked up at him with tears in his eyes. "Thank you..." He whispered, gathering Jack up into a hug.

Jack took in his scent and gave him a gentle squeeze, and pulled away, hands on Hiccup's shoulders. "Is there anything else that you're hiding from me?"

Hiccup shook his head, even though his insides were screaming. There was so much, yet so little time. Literally. He wanted to scream that he tried to fit in at school, and didn't want to try again. He wanted to say that all he wanted to happen was for the school bullies to leave him alone for once. Just for them to stop calling him names. He wanted to scream that he was tired of living in a nightmare.

He wanted to scream that Jack just called him his best friend and that he couldn't stop thinking about blue eyes, white hair and snowflakes.

4. Chapter 4

****I DO NOT OWN ANYTHING****

****ooOoo****

"I should be getting some sleep, Jack." Hiccup said, pulling the blankets up to his chin.

The two had been talking, what was new with the Guardians and what other ideas Hiccup had for his sketch pad and his art lessons at school, and they lost track of time along the way.

Jack nodded, and shuffled off the bed for Hiccup to get comfortable but Hiccup stopped him by pulling on his jumper sleeve. "Yes Hic?"

"Can you stay here?" Hiccup whispered, his eyes big and boring holes into Jack,

Jack smiled and grabbed a chair to sit next to Hiccup's bed. Hiccup looked sleepily at Jack, who was sitting with his chin rested on his crossed arms on Hiccup's bed. They looked at each other, small smiles on both faces.

Jack held his breath and he felt Hiccup's hand cup his cold cheek, and he felt like he was melting in Hiccup's warm touch. He felt a familiar feeling stir in his heart. He remembered the feeling from centuries ago, and this was only the second time he ever felt it.

It was the feeling he had when he felt love for his sister, and that he would do anything to protect her.

Jack leaned into Hiccup's hand, and Hiccup hummed. His eyes were half closed, and his hand lacked control as it started to slip from Jack's cheek. Jack missed the touch, and held Hiccup's hand as it rested on the bed. Jack looked at Hiccup again, and gave Hiccup a smile, which Hiccup returned.

Hiccup yawned and let his eyes closed, bringing their holding hands to his lips, before going to sleep.

The white-haired immortal's heart exploded with love for the boy. He leaned forward in his chair and pressed his cold lips to Hiccup's forehead and whispered, "I swear to the Man in Moon, I would do anything to protect you Hiccup Haddock. I promise."

ooOoo

"Hello?" Hiccup heard his voice echo, his voice ringing in his own ears.

He heard a voice call out his name in a desperate manner, but he couldn't make out who the voice belonged to or where it was coming.

He started to walk, but was restrained. It was hard to see in the dark, but the unmistakable sound of metal gave away what happened to him. He felt cold cuffs of metal surround his wrists and ankles, limiting him to move a step further. Hiccup pulled and pulled, refusing to believe that he was chained up to a wall, in a dark room with little light that came from what seemed to be a globe glowing with gold lights.

"Hiccup Haddock," a smooth voice began, causing Hiccup's hair to stand on end. "It's about time you showed up."

Hiccup trembled, when he saw something move in the shadows. He squinted, but still couldn't make out who the figure was. "W-who are you? Where am I? What has happened? Where's Jack?"

The voice chuckled and Hiccup backed up to the wall behind him, "Young Haddock, you must understand that you're Jack Frost won't protect you forever."

The figure stepped out of the shadows and moved swiftly to stand over Hiccup. The boy's eyes widened and he sat on the floor, his back pressed firmly to the cold wall. He looked up at the man, and examined him. He had hair that was swiftly swept back, the colour of his skin a dead grey, and his eyes an amber that held a menacing glare over the cowering boy.

The man grinned psychotically, before extending long, slender hands. Hiccup moved his head to avoid the man's hand as it advanced forward to touch his face. "Don't be nervous Hiccup. I'll make it quick." His voice sounded hungry and the glint in his eyes made Hiccup shake uncontrollably.

_When the hand made contact with Hiccup's cheek, he screamed out in pain. The man moved back with a satisfied smirk, back into the shadows. _

Hiccup squirmed, as the pain moved down to his neck and it seemed to spread to the rest of his body. He felt what seemed to be grains of sand scrape across his skin, making him scream out in agony. Hiccup could still hear the voice screaming his name, and but the pain made it hard to decipher who it belonged to. He craned his neck to see his arm: it was completely covered in black sand, and the sand seemed to sink into his skin. When the sand did sink, it turned his skin turn a shade of pale grey.

_He rasped for breath as he felt the sand crawl up back up his neck, restricting his breathing like a snake. The sand seemed to cover his whole face, leaving his eyes as the only part of his body not affected by the pain. _

_"__Hiccup?" He recognised the voice now. "Hiccup? Hiccup?"_

_"__Ja-"_

But then his vision went black, as he was consumed by the black sand.

ooOoo

A/N: You're probably going to hate me for this chapter... and quite possibly the next one... *cough*

End
file.